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AUGUST

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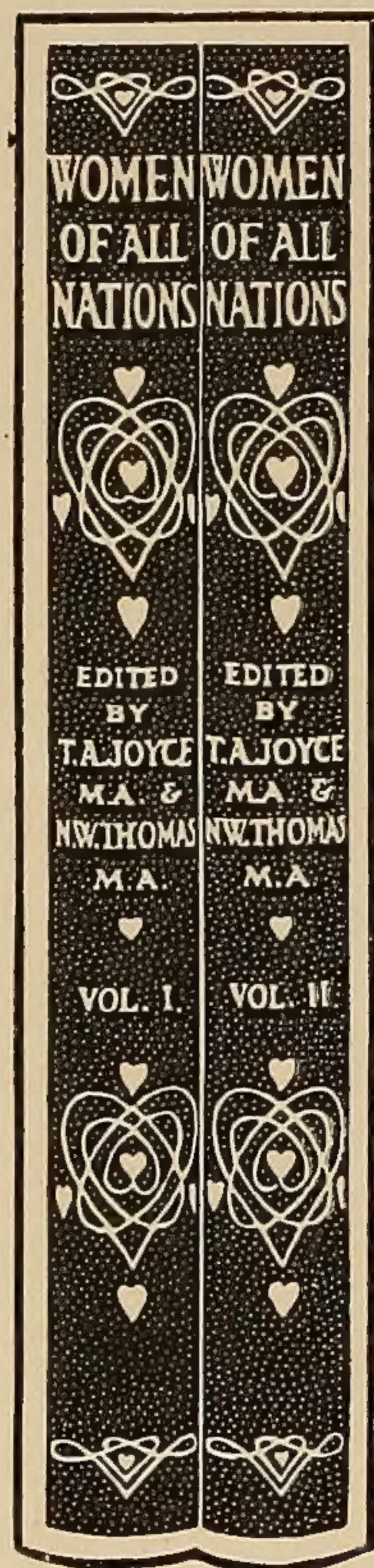
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MARGARITA FISCHER

UNITED WE STAND

WOMAN, lovely woman, of every race and clime, in every variety of costume—from the smile and the neat fitting suit of sunshine of the belles of tropical Polynesia and Melanesia to the furs of the natives of the home of the Frost King—greet the reader on every page, in hundreds of photographs never before reproduced, in



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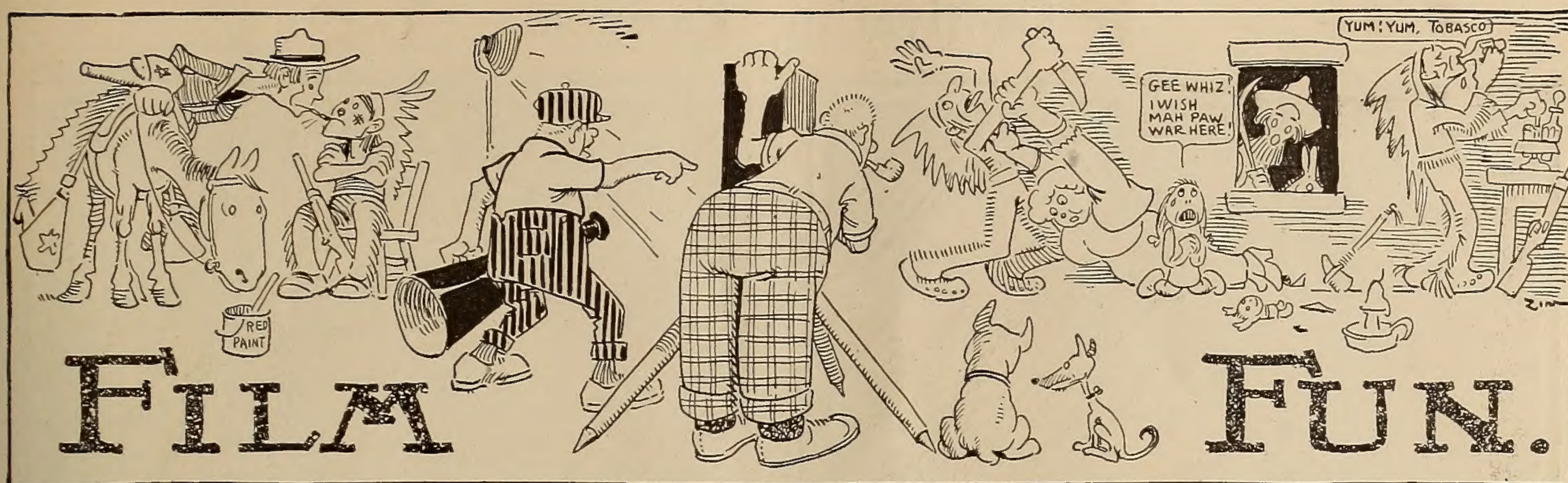
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Magazine of Fun, Judge's Library and Sis Hopkins' Own Book Combined.

Published monthly by

LESLIE-JUDGE COMPANY, PUBLISHERS, NEW YORK CITY

John A. Sleicher, President. Reuben P. Sleicher, Secretary. A. E. Rollauer, Treasurer. Grant Hamilton, Art Director. Elizabeth Sears, Editor.

225 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.

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Entered at the post-office at New York as
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Single Copies, 10 Cents

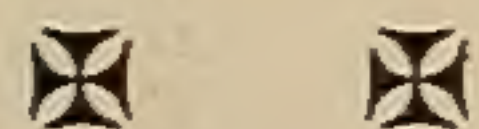
No. 341—AUGUST, 1917

Subscription by the Year, \$1.00

EDITORIALS

Women at Work

THERE is perhaps no business in modern industry that offers such tempting possibilities to women as the motion picture industry. Practically all of the highest-priced stars—with few exceptions—are women. There are as many high salaries paid to women in the business end of the industry as to men. The sales department of the films are offering untold inducements and possibilities to women. Many of the high-salaried directors are women. The best of the scenarios are written by women. Women are filling executive positions that carry with them heavy responsibilities and salaries commensurate with the responsibilities. Women not only dominate the business field, but in many instances have dictated many of the policies that have resulted in radical changes for the better in the offices. There is room for more of them in the business end of the pictures. The sales departments are looking for good business women, who are capable of earning good salaries.

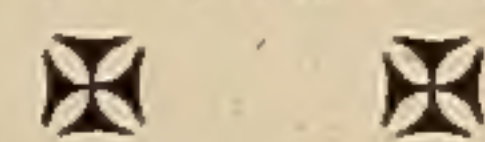


A Little More Funny Stuff, Please

PRODUCERS should turn their attention to special pictures for soldiers during this war crisis. Motion pictures for the soldiers, according to those who have been through the grind of camp training and trench warfare, have done more to assuage homesickness, trench ailments and the deadly suspense of the waiting from day to day than any other war movement.

But they are fed up on scenes of carnage. Soldiers—and civilians, as well—have had about all the scenes of blood and thunder that they can stand. At this time, when we are face to face with a most serious condition, we need more pictures of simple interest and humor. A soldier cannot have too much comedy. They need it for the nec-

essary high light to their background of constant hardship and danger. Even slapstick comedy has its place just now. It might be a wonderful service for the country if the producers would lay off the sob stuff and the war stuff and turn us out just some natural, wholesome, genuinely funny screen stories. We may not feel like laughing just now, those of us who are bidding good-by to our loved ones and those of us who are donning the khaki to go across—but we need something besides the harrowing sort of screen fare that the producers insist on dishing up.



The Danger

THE motion picture theater is operated solely for profit. Touch the exhibitor through the box-office values, and you have struck at a tender point of his mental anatomy. To do him justice, the exhibitor is usually as willing to offer the public the better class of pictures, provided it will pay him. The better pictures cost more money. He can find plenty of cheap, flashy pictures for a cheap rental.

The picture theater is essentially democratic. Every seat in the house has a stated price. Your dime will secure for you the best seat in the place, if you are there in time to get into it before the rush. You may rub elbows with a millionaire or a laborer; but if you are a real picture fan, you enjoy the picture just as much as they do. For if you did not care for pictures, you would not separate yourself from a dime to see them.

The chief danger of the pictures is that they are not entirely good or entirely bad. A picture that may have very bad points is apt to be balanced by an equal number of good ones. There is a class of exhibitor who insists that his patrons want "ginger" in their pictures. A bit of "ginger" adds zest, perhaps, but not when it is merely added to conceal filth.

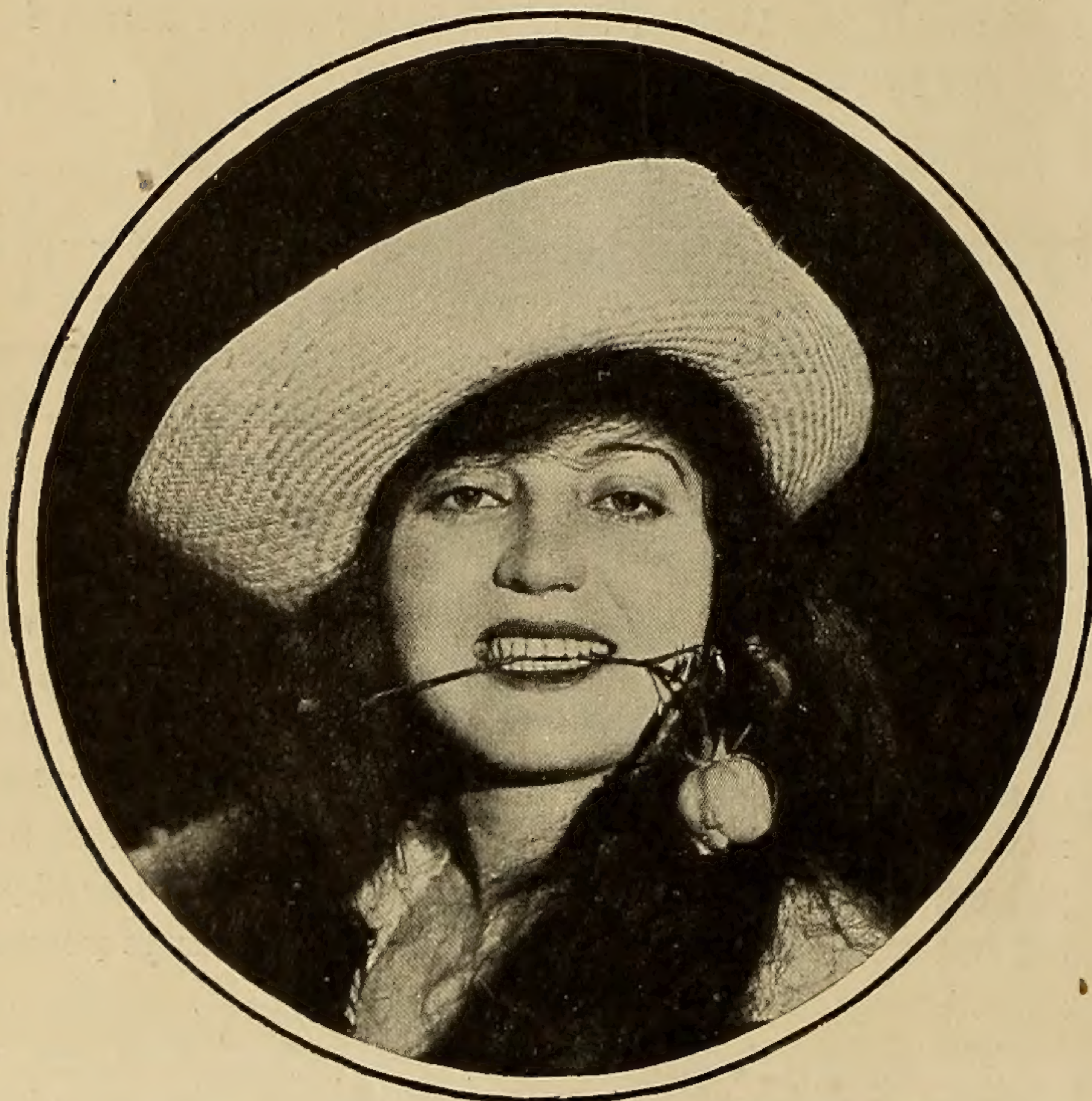
Captivating Carmens



FOX

UNDERWOOD AND UNDERWOOD

Valeska Suratt sticks her hands in her pockets, puts an apple into her mouth, and prepares to vamp a few bulls.



MUTUAL

We've always wondered where the song writers of the "popular" variety got their ideas, but now we know. This picture of Helen Holmes, for instance, might easily suggest something like "Oh, Lucky Rose!"



INCE-TRIANGLE

Spanish ladies are supposed to have dangerous temperaments, but we think we'd take a chance on Olive Thomas when she puckers up her lips like this—though, of course, she *may* be only whistling the national air of sunny Spain. What is the national air of Spain? Why, everybody knows that the onions come from there!

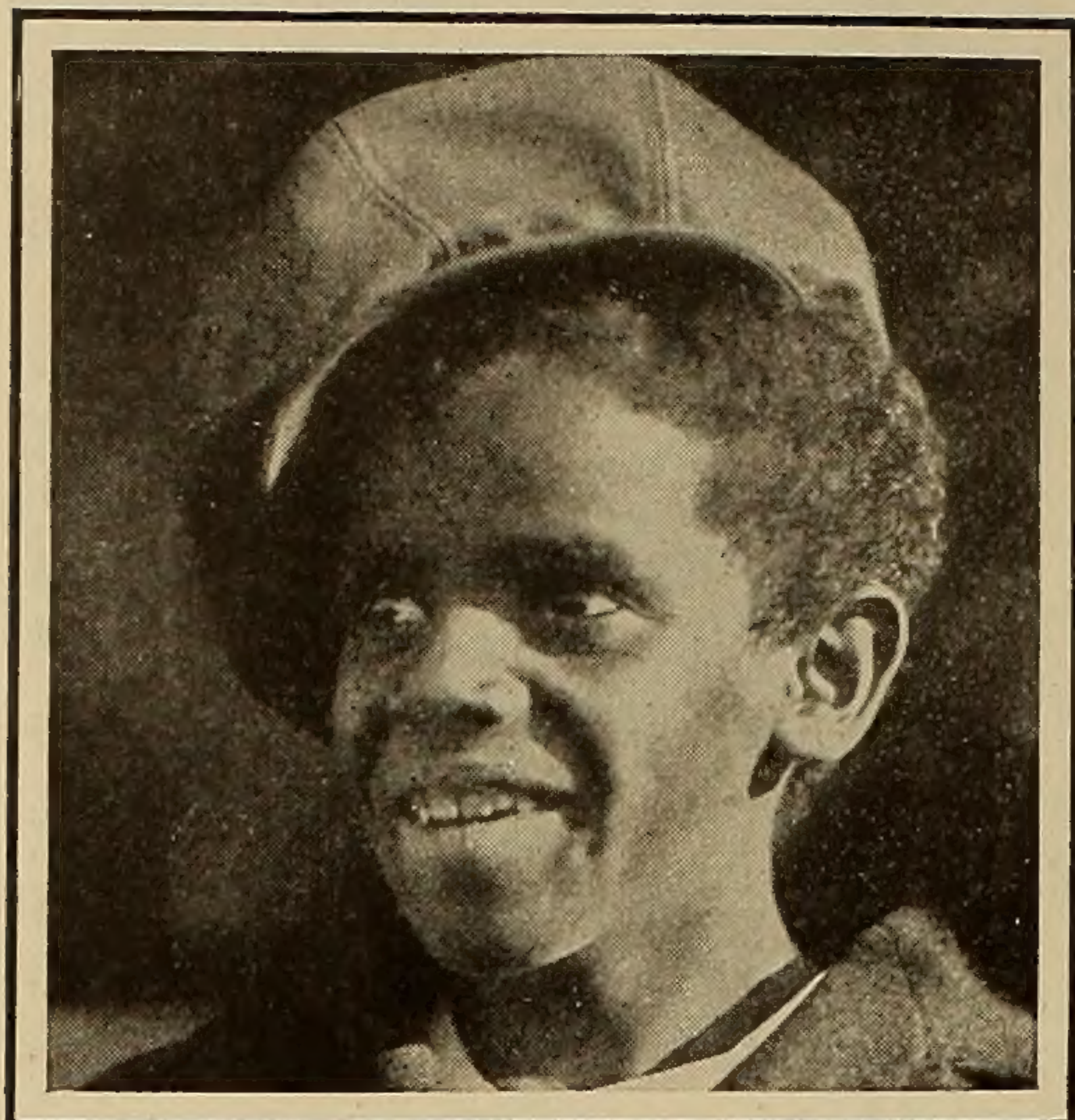


McCLURE

SHIRLEY MASON

**Knows that in order to keep fit to work during these warm days, you've got to keep happy—
modesty forbids us to say more.**

Starlets



BALBOA

Leon Purdue, who plays with Gloria Joy, has the distinction of being the only little colored boy in the pictures.



BALBOA

Even when they're as young as Gloria Joy, they seem to know that a bathing suit and a pose like this is a sure winner every time.



FOX

Although Kittens Reichert is a full-fledged star, she does not consider it undignified to play with dolls. Kittens, you see, puts her children through a course in the use of cosmetics, so that, if they ever get into the pictures, they'll know all about it.



MUTUAL

Helen Holmes has adopted this baby and is bringing it up as her very own. Like its proud "parent," this youngster is decidedly up to date and insisted on being snapped in these new spring model overalls. Baby Holmes is wondering what has become of the "pretty birdie."

How's the Luck?



MACK SENNETT-KEYSTONE

Some enterprising young fish tried to walk off with Maud George's boot, but she caught him before he got away with it.



MACK SENNETT-KEYSTONE

Marie Prevost, in the background, looks on while Ethel Teare plays with her catch. Ethel knows perfectly well that she can have him if she wants him.



THANHOUSER

One look at Peggy Burke, and you have the answer to "Why is a flying fish?" It would have to be a mighty slow one to be willing to stay in the water while Peggy was around.



FOX

June Caprice's near-catch has eaten all the bait and hurried off to tell his friends something quite new in the way of "star-fish—blond and very nifty."



MAYFAIR

Peggy Hyland and William Davidson, in "Persuasive Peggy."

They Missed It

By A. WALTER UTTING

THRICE Cæsar brushed aside the crown
 With which the Romans sought to don him,
 And thrice the mighty one fought down
 The honors that were thrust upon him.
 He was the fluffy boy—some guy!
 Worth emulating, too. But, say,
 Think you I'd be J. C.? Not I!
 He never saw a picture play.

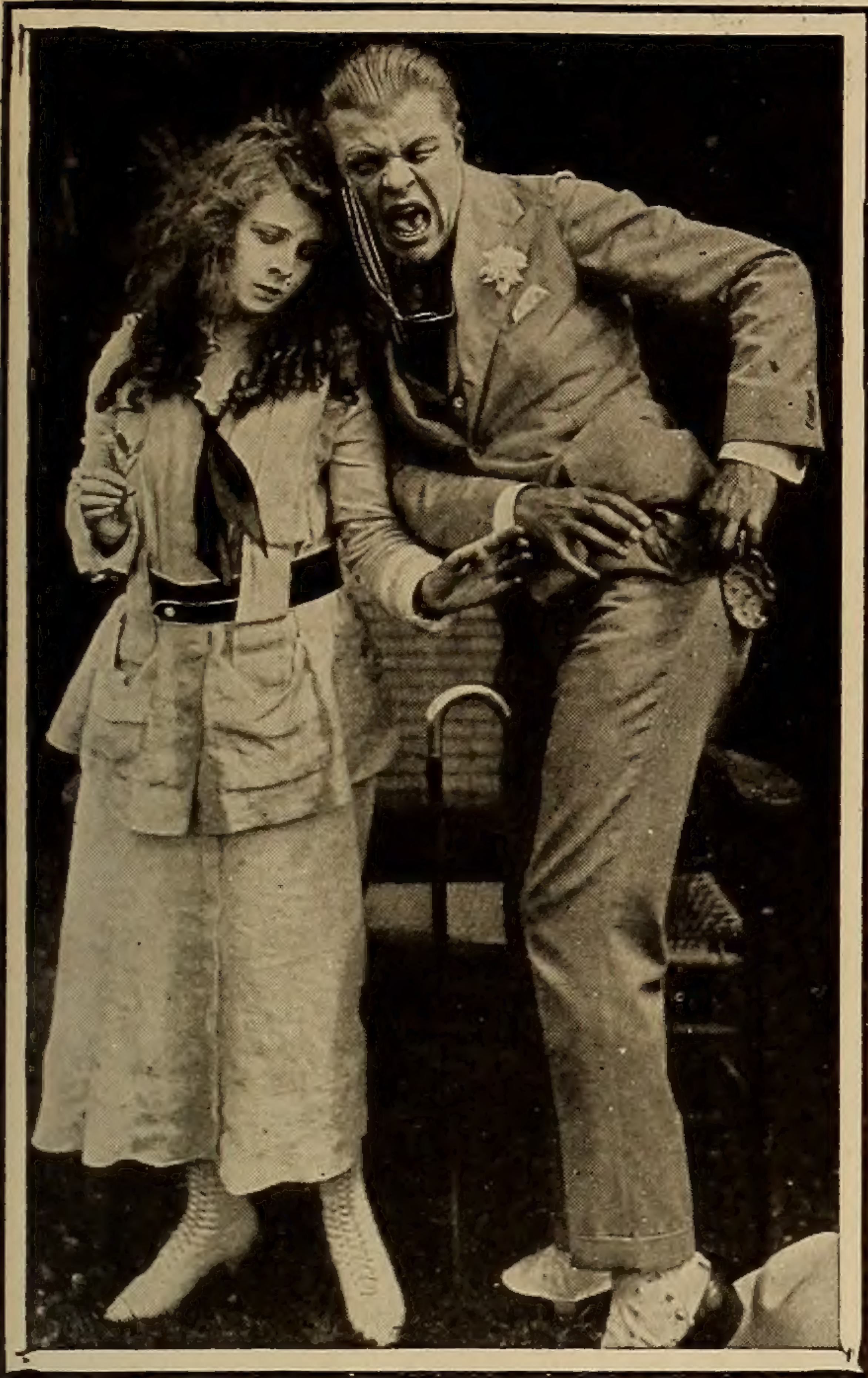
Young Alexander—he who sighed
 Because more worlds he could not shatter—
 Was quite some hero, true and tried;
 But, after all, what does that matter?
 He had his share of comes-an'-goes,
 And while he lived, his life was gay;
 But all too soon came Alex's close—
 He never saw a picture play.

I worship Shakespeare—who does not?
 Old Horace has me genuflecting.
 Who apes the Chaucer polyglot,
 I argue, is quite too perplexing.
 I grant the flimsy bay of Fame
 To these—the lasting, broad-brimmed bay;
 But this they lacked, with Time to blame—
 They never saw a picture play.

Now, get me right—I stretch my hands
 To kindred folk beyond the waters;
 Fair are the fields in other lands,
 Fair are the sons, and fair the daughters.
 But all of those whose names you've read
 Are quite as dead as, were I they,
 I, too, like them, would now be dead
 And could not see a picture play.



A Study in Expressions



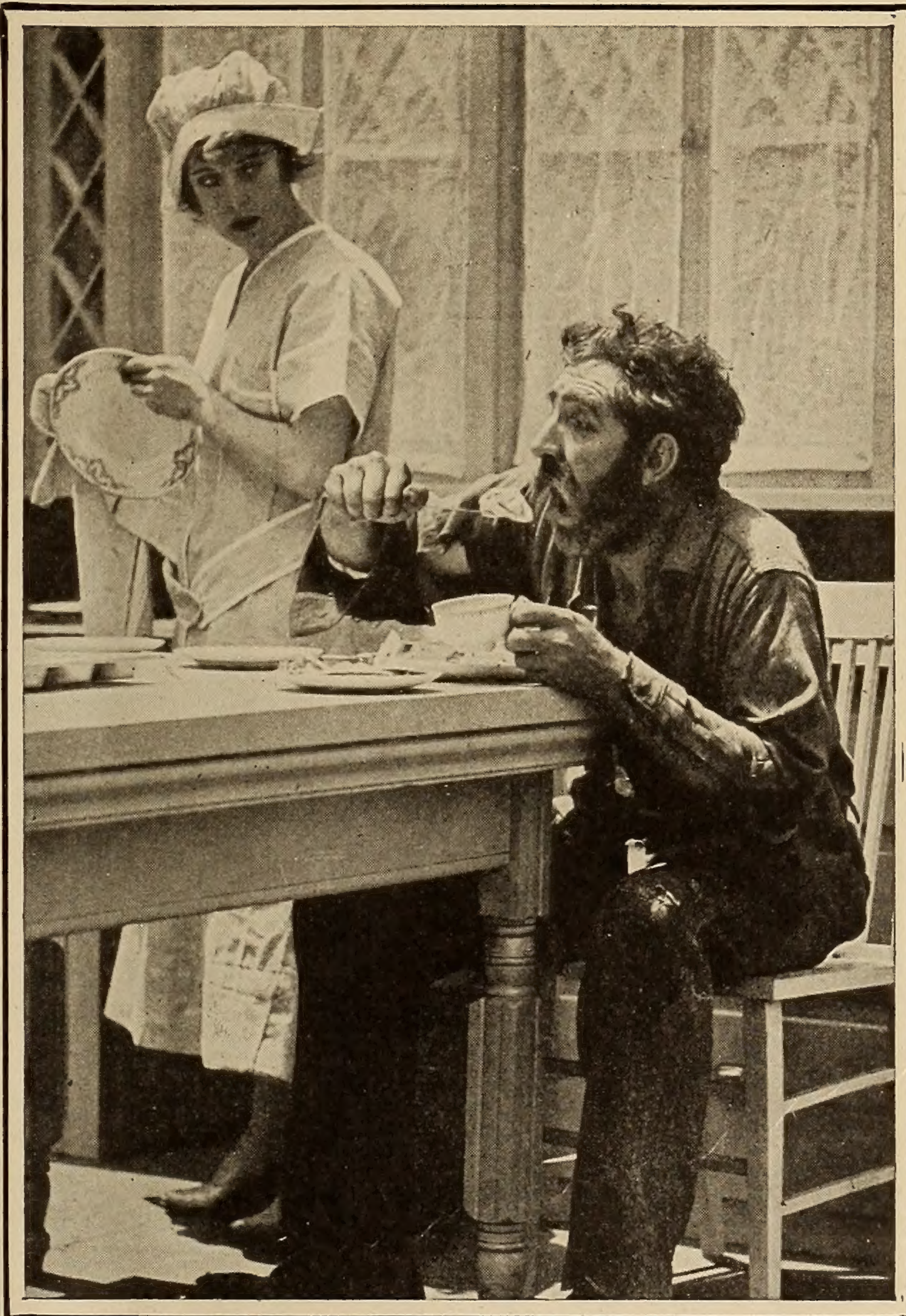
VICTOR

Billy Mason's expression means, "When in doubt, and there's a cactus plant in the vicinity, always stand," while Marcia Moore's means that a girl doesn't *always* tell all she knows.—Scene from "A Box of Tricks."



MUTUAL

Of course a mere man, with nothing to do but take his clothes off and put 'em on again, can't be expected to appreciate the hardships undergone by "A Vanquished Flirt."



MUTUAL-HORKHEIMER

Weary Willie's expression spells "Contentment"—he knows there's not a knife made that he can't juggle. Jackie Saunders is good to the "boes" but she is frequently astonished at their capacity.



PATHE

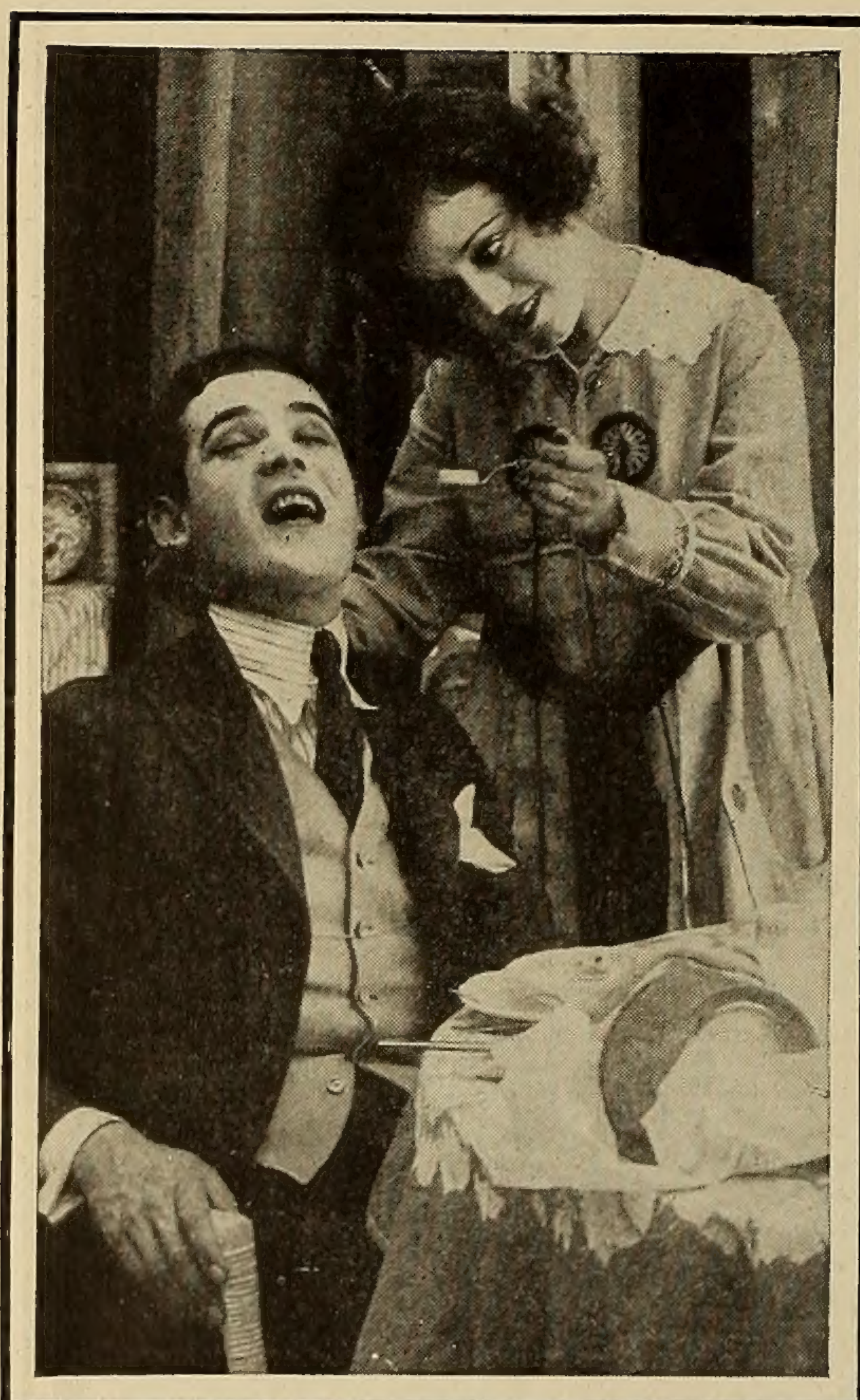
Gladys Hulette, "The Candy Girl," just laughs, while her young friend's expression means that what he thinks about girls wouldn't bear telling.

Helping Mr. Hoover



VOGUE

Ben Turpin is so busy trying to learn how to raise "Poultry a la Mode" that he doesn't realize that, like most men who try to be useful around the house, he has put his foot in it. However, he is in a fair way to learn that dough is not so scarce as he thought it was.



STRAND-MUTUAL

Billie Rhodes believes that the best way to make a man eat less is to feed him yourself; but we know lots of men who wouldn't agree with her—for instance, this one in "And In Walked Uncle."



VITAGRAPH

This ought to be a good opening for the now-you-see-it-now-you-don't type of magician. For instance, what could be easier than for such a person to take a plain loaf of bread, say "Hocus-pocus" to it, and bring out a nice, roasted chicken? Anita Stewart, in "The Glory of Yolanda," believes in it fully.

Solve the Food Problem



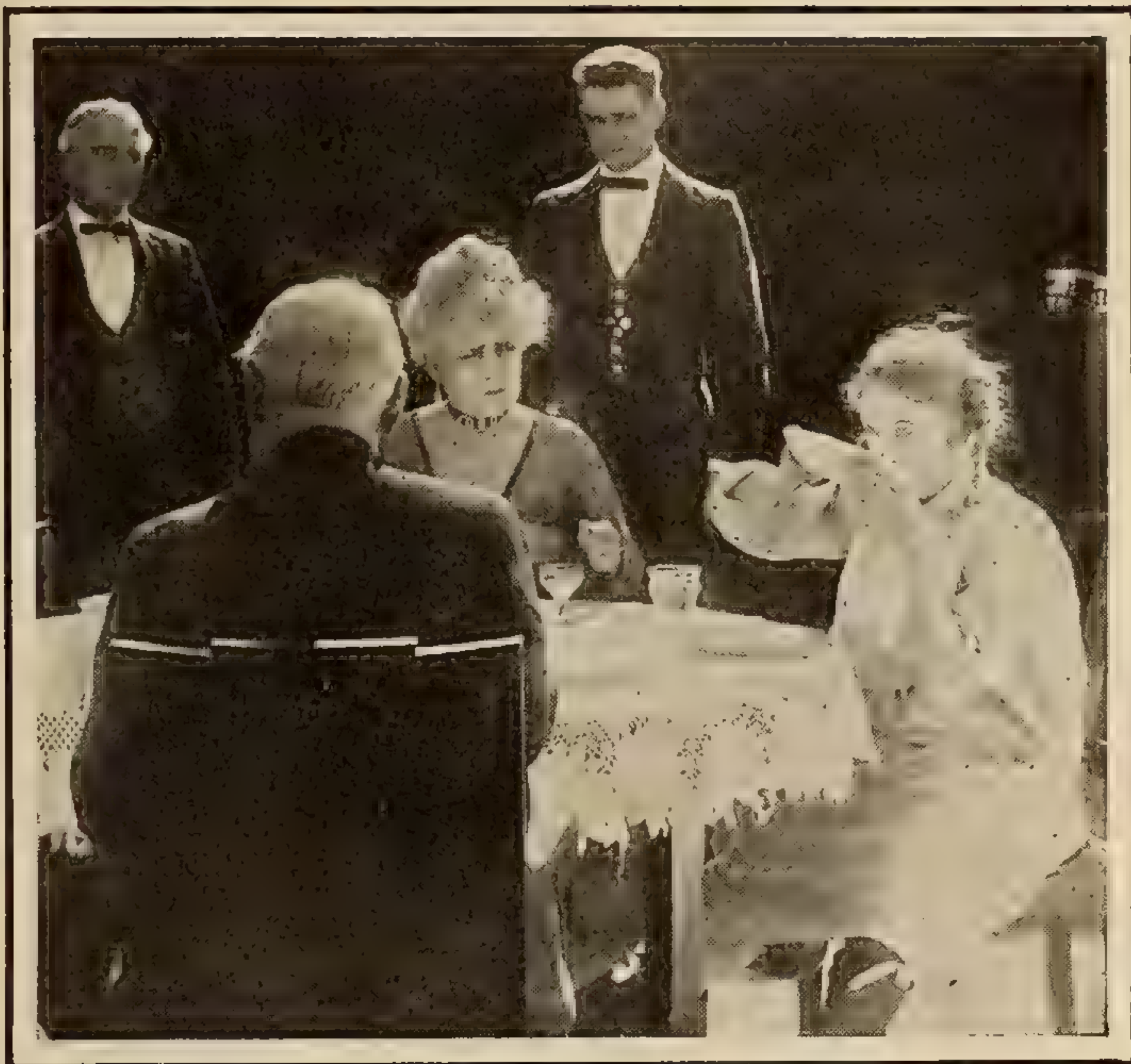
MUTUAL-STRAND

Always discourage "Third Parties" like this one in "Her Hero"—it will be a great saving.



RED FEATHER

This picture, from "The War of the Tongs," might furnish somebody with a bright idea. It would be a good stunt to try Chinese eating for a while. The Chinese live on next to nothing a year, and rice is very nourishing.



MUTUAL-STAR

Jackie Saunders, as "The Wildcat," wastes nothing.



FOX

June Caprice realizes that it is difficult to persuade youngsters that they gain nourishment from the food that goes into their mouths, *not* from what they put on their faces.—Scene from "The Ragged Princess."

Bits From Here and There



INCE-TRIANGLE

This photograph of William S. Hart was taken just before he started on his tour of the United States—not that this had any connection with his going, of course.



BALBOA

Kathleen Clifford learning how to hit a nail (not her own), under the eye of Stage Manager John Wyse.



MUTUAL

Mary Miles Minter shows a staff artist how to do his job. This was the most we could manage to get in of the artist.



FOX

June Caprice, as "Patsy," must have had a rough journey down, judging from the condition of her clothes when she reached bottom. June believes that woman's place is *not* in fluffy, ruffy gowns. "Never walk downstairs when you can slide," says she, "and never dress up when you don't have to." And she doesn't. What Miss Caprice is wearing evidently started out to be overalls, but they'd hardly answer that description right now. However, they're very becoming, which was probably what they were originally intended for.

Veta Searl Tells About a Cat-astrophe



TRIANGLE-YONKERS

Veta Searl looks very much like a little brown kitten herself, when she curls up in a suitcase; but Miss Searl, we are sure, has "never scratched yet."

VETA SEARL, a pocket edition of a pretty girl, wandered into our editorial sanctum the other day for a chat. Miss Searl frequently comes in, in her friendly little fashion, and when she does, every young man in the place drops whatever he may happen to be doing and develops an astounding zeal for delivering messages and finding bits of business to be done near where she is sitting.

"Speaking of cats," began little Miss Veta on this particular day—of course, we weren't, but she may have been thinking of some *very* dear friend at the time—"speaking of cats, let me tell you about my experiences in acting for my newest picture at the Triangle-Yonkers studio. During the picture I was supposed to be married to a nice young man, and instead of being old-fashioned and throwing the proverbial rice and old shoes at the bride, the director decided that the action demanded black cats instead, as the story had to do with superstition.

Accordingly an ad was sent out for all kinds of black cats to be brought to the studio, the offer being that sixty cents would be paid for each cat. The following morning, bright and early, there was a mob of youngsters outside the door, each one with a protesting black cat in his arms, and

some with two and three. Of course, the director asked no questions, but welcomed the cats and fixed up accommodations for them. That afternoon the papers came out announcing: 'Mrs. Smith's pet cat has been lost, strayed or stolen. Finder please return to —.' 'Mrs. Jones misses her pet cat.' 'Mrs. Brown offers a reward for her kitten,' and so on. That town had been wiped as clean of cats as though it had been struck by a hurricane.

"There was one darling little kitten that we were crazy to use, but it was gray. So we took some stove-black and painted it. Everything was all right until that kitten started taking its morning bath—and then it liked the taste of our stove-black so well that it licked every bit off. For four days they kept those hundred cats there in the studio, until we were ready to 'shoot' the wedding scene, with everybody in the place kept busy

feeding them liver and milk. And for those four days you didn't meet one black cat on the streets of Yonkers. I used to love cats, but now, when I see one, I'm so afraid it's one of those we used, and that someone will yell 'Stop thief!' if I'm seen talking to it, that I let them all severely alone and say nothing."

Comparison

By DIXON MERRITT

He told of his loves of the stage,
Why they got him; 'twasn't beauty nor age—

"Theda Bara I love
All the others above.
With Geraldine Farrar
Compare her!

Geraldine—I admit she is Farrar;
But Theda—oh, Theda is Bara!"



PALLAS-PARAMOUNT

GEORGE BEBAN.

Who gives us one more reason to have a soft spot for our Italian allies, as he appears in "A Roadside Impresario."

Two's Company—Three's a Regiment!



VICTOR

"It Happened in Room 7," but our artist cut out Friend Wife, to make this picture fit on the page.



MUTUAL

We don't know just which one constitutes the "crowd" here—the kitten or the man behind the hedge. At any rate, if "Shorty Goes to College," Shorty Hamilton ought to know better spots than this one. We have never gone to college, and—oh, well!



UNIVERSAL

There was another man here, but we cut him out, too, to boost along "The Birth of Patriotism."



TRIANGLE-KAY BEE

Dorothy Dalton isn't accustomed to this, even when the other woman is Enid Markey, and if you know anything about "The Female of the Species," you know it's going pretty hard with Harold Hickman.

Milady's Midsummer Millinery



FOX

Virginia Pearson's newest hat is of the type known as "garden"—tasty, expensive and hard to get.



GOLDWYN

Mae Marsh can afford to smile; she knows that any hat she wears will be becoming. Miss Marsh likes her hats thin; they're cooler, and one doesn't mind a bit of sun now and then, anyway.



ARTCRAFT

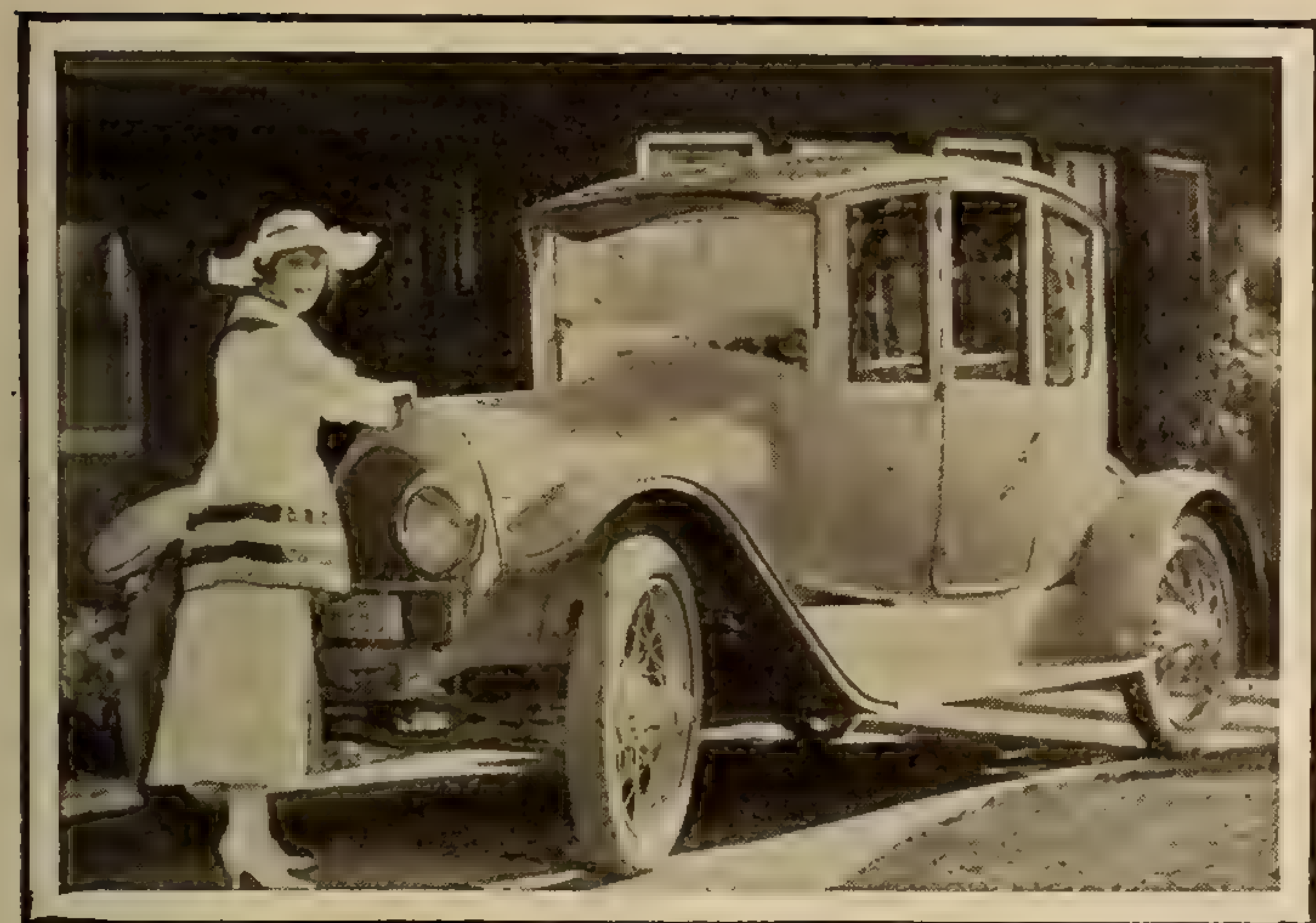
Anna Nilsson sees no reason why one can't combine furs with a midsummer bonnet.

Why Walk?



MOROSCO

Kathlyn Williams believes in preparedness—therefore she is busy with her oil can, getting ready for a trip into the country.

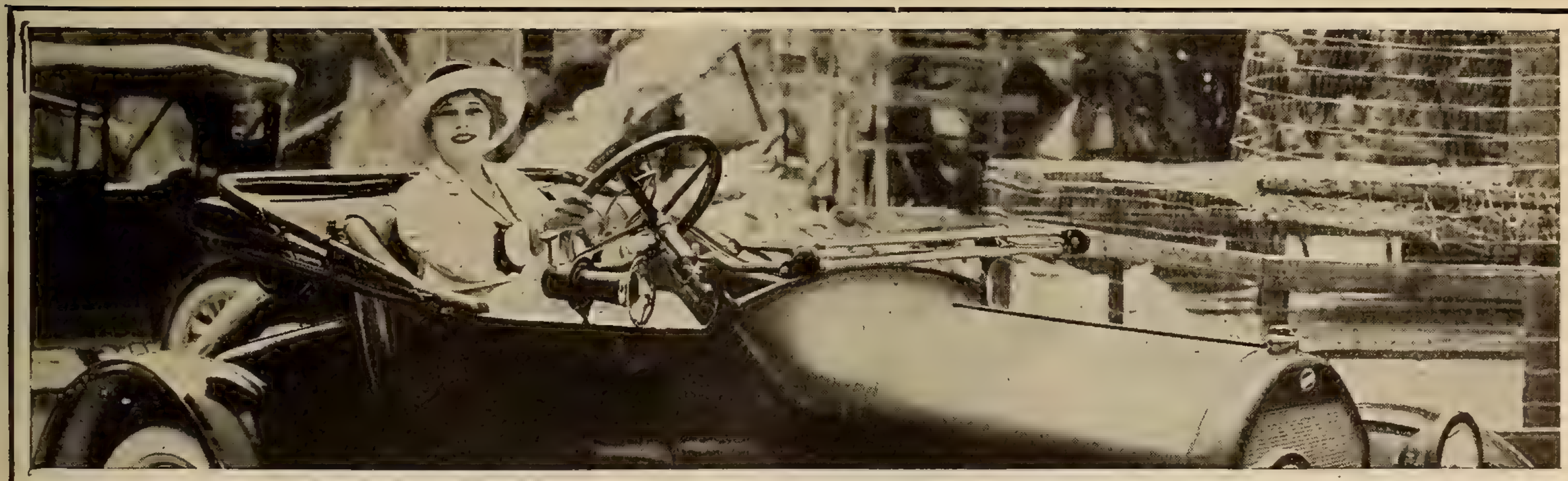


BALBOA

Ruth Roland designed this sedan of robin's-egg blue herself.



Jackie Saunders is "in bad" with the traffic cop, who finds it difficult to do his duty.



FOX

Violet Horner has to keep close watch on her car—it's inclined to be a "runabout."



FOX

Virginia Pearson tells Glen White "The War Bride's Secret"—how to coax an onion out of the cold ground.



HORKHEIMER-MUTUAL

Jackie Saunders loves to work in her war garden. It gives her a chance to wear her nifty overalls. "I like the tomatoes and radishes," says Jackie, "but the nasty potatoes always wink their eyes at me."



AMERICAN

Anna Little confiding to friend that you never *can* trust these horrid chickens.



AMERICAN-MUTUAL

"Don't be a slacker," says Mary Miles Minter. "Show your arms when the enemy approaches—especially if it's a man."



PATHE

Gladys Leslie, who has recently become a friend, gently, you



Valentine Grant's garden is continually feeling "seedy," despite its owner's sunny smile.



"My Orphan," finds that if you sit up with a cow and talk to it it will give you much more milk.



Violet De Biccari knows that she planted *something*, *somewhere*, but she just can't remember where or what.

Acting in the Pictures

By JOHN RUSSELL



JACKSONVILLE, without a job, without money, on the first of January. That's me.

I was not a hobo, but temporarily I had joined the band of hoboes, cripples and pretenders who spend the winter months in the South, where they need work but little to secure the necessities of life. The Jacksonville *Times-Union* maintains a free "Position Wanted" column for all comers. From day to day I scanned this column and tried for all the jobs it offered. I was willing to be a dishwasher, waiter, Ford mechanic, sewer digger or night watch; but on arrival at the places found long lines waiting and no chance of a job. I was mighty glad to graft a chunk of bread from a yacht or a plate of beans from a schooner's galley.

One Monday morning I glanced down the column, but stopped further search after reading: "Wanted—One thousand men for pictures. Apply next door to M—— Hotel."

I was there in two jumps and found about the entire thousand already assembled. It was a motley crew. Some of the men were just out of jail for freight jumping in New Orleans, and some for other reasons. There were representatives from every State in the Union in that crowd, but I do not think that the States would point at any one of them with pride. Near the door was a cripple, groaning and trying to get to the door to have first chance because of his misfortune; but no one paid any attention to him. It was a survival of the fittest.

The manager was greeted with wild cheers when he haughtily walked out of the hotel and prepared to unlock the door. It had a big plate of glass in it, and as the crowd surged and pushed in after him, there was a loud crash, a thousand tinkles, and the job hunters pushed through the place where the glass had been and crowded around the manager expectantly. He gave us an icy look.

"Outside!" he said. "No slips issued until every man-jack is outside that door!"

When we were again in the street, we had orders to advance two at a time. The manager wrote down our names and the name of the one to whom we were to report—and the job was assured. When I had my slip, I went outside to sit on the curb with the other bums and talk about the war. We were all sure the world was going to the dogs. I am usually optimistic, but my empty stomach had me going at a most pessimistic gait.

At eleven o'clock the mob was organized for business, and we started for the outskirts of the city, escorted

by the night force of cops, who had had their palms crossed with silver to act in the scene. A general order was given to pick up a brick and have it ready. I had three. When we came to a corner and were halted to listen to a talk from the camera man as to our duties, we were told to drop the bricks, and they hit the ground with a crash like thunder. I wondered how the Jacksonville roads committee would like the job of picking them up again.

"Now, men," bellowed the assistant, "a man owns this mill. He is your employer and has wronged you frightfully. Burn the building. There is a vat of kerosene over there. Get ready. When you have set the old trap on fire, go back and get your bricks and get ready for action."



There was a grand rush for the kerosene, the cripple leaping and jumping along with his crutch, about three feet ahead of anybody else. With flaming torches we went for the building and burned it with neatness and dispatch. The mob was orderly and easily handled. We yelled with excitement and joy as a great mass of flames began belching from the win-

dows, and then we rushed for the bricks. Everybody was well behaved—we obeyed every order, and then marched back to the office for our pay.

This was one dollar per each. I never could tell you what that dollar meant to me. The way we spent our day's pay would be a story in itself. It was too precious to spend for mere lodging, so, after investing in food that meant quantity rather than quality, I hoarded the remainder of my treasure and retired to my bedroom, which was a quiet, grassy plot under a boardwalk. I was too tired to notice the sand that sifted down as people walked over my chamber and fell asleep quickly, reveling in the thought of another day's work. It didn't take me long to dress the next morning, either, and get my yellow slip.

This time we went out to the negro quarters—a narrow, ill-smelling street, lined thickly on both sides with small, two-roomed houses. This was to be the setting for our next act. The director had numerous signs, bearing the legends of "Smallpox," "Scarlet fever," and so forth, placed about in conspicuous places. This worried a soup-bespattered and rotund gentleman, who addressed me as "Say, dere, leader of de gang," and asked me earnestly if he could be let off. He said "he didn't want to ketch none o' dem goimes." The directions from the assistant spared my answer. He ordered us to look angry and hide in the alleys and get a stick or a bottle to wave.





A grand shout of approval greeted this announcement. A number of the gentlemen produced bottles from their hip pockets that made good weapons when properly drained. This the owners proceeded to do. We all looked too happy, and the assistant angrily ordered us to look mad. A fat negress had issued forth to the frail balcony in front of her home to gaze at the picture. We amused her. She laughed heartily and rocked in unison. The combined force broke down the chair on which she sat. She plunged straight on down through the floor of the balcony. I ask you—who could remain angry while watching a portly colored woman breaking the balcony off her own house? She rose up from the ruins in majestic wrath, while the camera clicked, the assistant swore, and we roared.

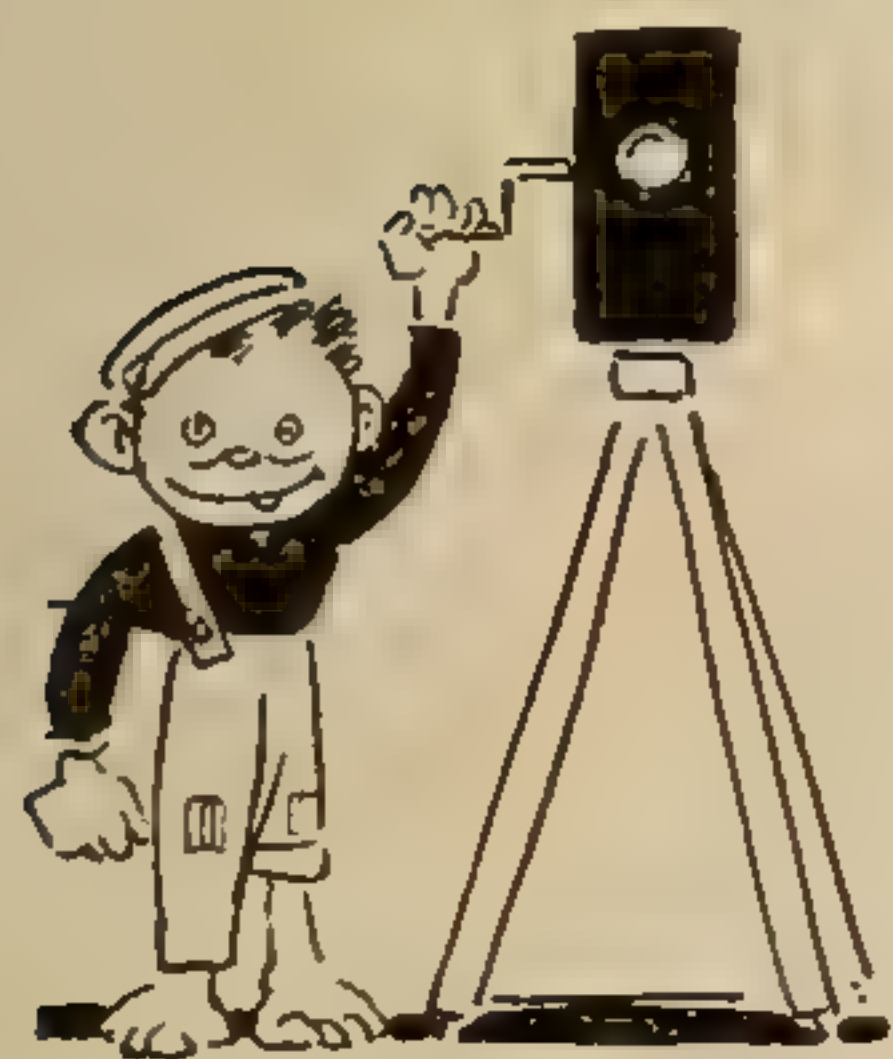
We went at it again and trained ourselves into an angry mob. We pursued the hero and heroine to the queen's taste, as they sped away to enter an auto, according to the scenario as written. But just as the mob came up with them, the police stretched a rope across the road, and above the noise of pounding feet rose a half-laughing cry, "Kill the cops!"

From time immemorial a crowd has been swayed by a single word. No one knew why they were ordered to kill the cops, but it was a job to their taste, and they went at it with a right good will. The long tails of the uniforms were very convenient. With a tail in each hand and a little forcible persuasion, they split up the back in a lovely and satisfactory fashion. The policemen were in for it, and they used their clubs with splendid effect. It ended in a draw, with three policemen piled up against the fence, unconscious. We had lost only one. The general opinion as we went back was enthusiastic. We seemed to feel that the fight had been "swell."

The assistant was weary, but tried us once more. This time he explained that the scenario called for the complete destruction of a building. We were to arm ourselves with bricks again and bombard the building. This pleased us all, for everybody likes to break things, if he doesn't have to pay any damage later. There was mighty little glass or furniture left after we got through the job. We enjoyed this part of it immensely and were interested when the assistant told us we were through for the day. We expected another dollar, you see.

"Now, men," said the paymaster, when he was surrounded by the mob waving their yellow slips, "we are not going to pay you till to-morrow"—

"Oh, yes, you are!" "Lynch him!" "I gotta catch a freight out to-night!" "They are trying to skin us—skin game!" and similar outcries rather startled him. He had been present at the police fight and



knew what we could do in that line.

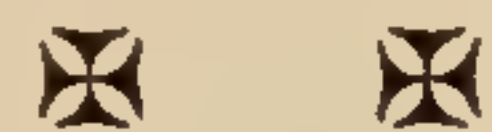
"I haven't the money with me, boys"—he began.

"Then we'll go to the office with you," yelled the crowd, and seizing him by the shoulders, the mob started off for town. Somebody telephoned ahead, and when we reached the hotel with our yellow slips and our hostage, we found the police waiting for us. Even the chief of police was there, talking to the manager.

"If you don't pay 'em, you won't have much left of your paymaster," suggested the chief coldly.

And so they paid us. It took them until eight o'clock to get rid of us all.

So ended my experience in the pictures. The next day I got a regular job. But I learned a valuable lesson, and I'll pass it on for the benefit of the public. Never try acting in the pictures unless you have some capital to start with. Mighty few men can keep happy and healthy on the few dollars a week that I earned during my first and last week in the pictures.



Death

By HARRY J. SMALLEY

'Neath the Southern Cross, on a sun-cursed isle, in the heart of the tropic sea, we were cast alone, you and I, my own, when our ship went down on the lee! Starvation came, and I watched you die, and I buried you where you lay! Ah, it was to be—I was saved, you see, but I buried my heart that day in the lonely grave by the coral strand near the surge of the dashing spray!

* * * * *

But we met again and we loved once more, in a land 'neath the arctic sky, where we delved for gold in the Klondike cold, as we dreamed of joys 'twould buy. So we worked and we loved, and we made our plans, but the Reaper grim said "No!"—and you wept forlorn o'er my body torn by a blast in the mine, you know! So I died, sweetheart, with your hand in mine, in the land of the ice and snow!

* * * * *

We met once more, and again we loved, and the skies of our love were blue, till your dad grew stern while he bade you spurn all the love that I held for you. You were an heiress, your chauffeur I, but we laughed at the social bar! We eloped one day in the usual way, but before we had traveled far, the machine was wrecked and we both found death in the mass of the shattered car!

Evolution? Well, hardly that! Nor is it a dream of dope. The explanation is simple, quite; you'll understand, I hope. These are but scenes from three new plays we are making, Mr. Fan—the girl is a motion picture star, and I am her leading man!



Scenario writer—I wonder where I can find an example of a "bust" scene?

Movie director—Why don't you visit the opera?



A Film Fun Frappe



FOX

Don't ask us what William Farnum is saying to Gladys Brockwell, because we don't know. We thought that just looking at this picture might help you to forget that it's eighty in the shade and—you know the rest.



WORLD

We may have a nasty disposition, but our one satisfaction is that, despite this scene from "The Crucial Test," Kitty Gordon is probably just as uncomfortably warm as we are right now.

How to Keep Cool by Proxy



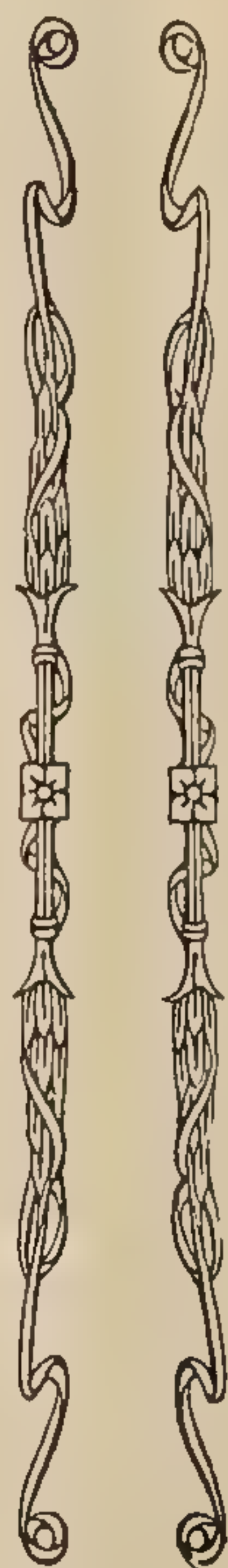
VITAGRAPH

Take a good look at this scene from "The Fathers of Men." Stop mopping your brow. Concentrate, now. Don't you feel cooler? Aren't you just shivering? No? Well, we couldn't make it work on ourselves, either.



WHARTON

Just supposing that you were Doris Kenyon and that this bit of "The Great White Trail" was a mountain of vanilla ice cream, and that you had to eat your way out. Whew!



WORLD

This chap is probably trying to shoot a snowflake, to take it back with him and show the folks in town there really is such an animal.
—Scene from "Human Driftwood."

Laugh and Keep Cool



KLEVER PICTURES

Victor Moore, in "Bungalowing," an amusing comedy with a universal appeal, falls for one of those "dollar-down-and-dollar-when-you-can-catch-'em" schemes, and finds that life in the country isn't all the prospectus cracks it up to be.



FOX

Hank Mann and Peggy Prevost, in a scene from "His Final Blowout." A stranger coming to town supplants Hank in the affections of his girl, but Hank manages to turn the tables on him in a novel manner.

how, the audiences came to see the films unrolled, and told their friends to come, too, and the regular theaters that were not doing first-class work became lonelier and lonelier, and many of them did not see the light till they had to put their own lights out.

But the critics die hard. They have been driven from trench to trench, but are still digging newer (if much shallower) holes in the ground. The films became too good to be ignored, but they could still be kept in a separate pen and noticed under a subordinate heading among the dramatic news, and you could always smile a little disdainfully when they were mentioned.

Those who chose could soon say, "The movies? But why not save up your money till you can go to THE OPERA?" And not everyone replied, as did a little friend of mine, "What foolishness! If it cost five dollars to go to the movies and ten cents to go to the opera, you would save up to go to the movies!"

And now—what's the answer?

Why, the critics (with honorable exceptions, of course) have not had the brains to see that this is a new art, not only in its mechanical but in its esthetic side. It is a combination between the oldest dramatic art—pantomime—and literature. It is not the drama (so called), for that is a mixture of pantomime or action and oratory. By using the picture instead of human agency, this new art also admits of a whole new series of effects impossible to the stage, and so involving a technique unknown in old dramas, and only now in process of creation in the hands and the brains of a new sort of artists.

I have made a partial list of these, but it is a growing list and needs constant additions. Just for examples, let me mention the close-ups that make small items and minor

actions a strong portion of the film plays; or the vista scenes that in their rapid changes have made scene backgrounds lifeless; or the transformations that make magic real and the imagination a creator of realities instead of dreams; or the throw-in scenes that put on the screen the inner thoughts of a character.

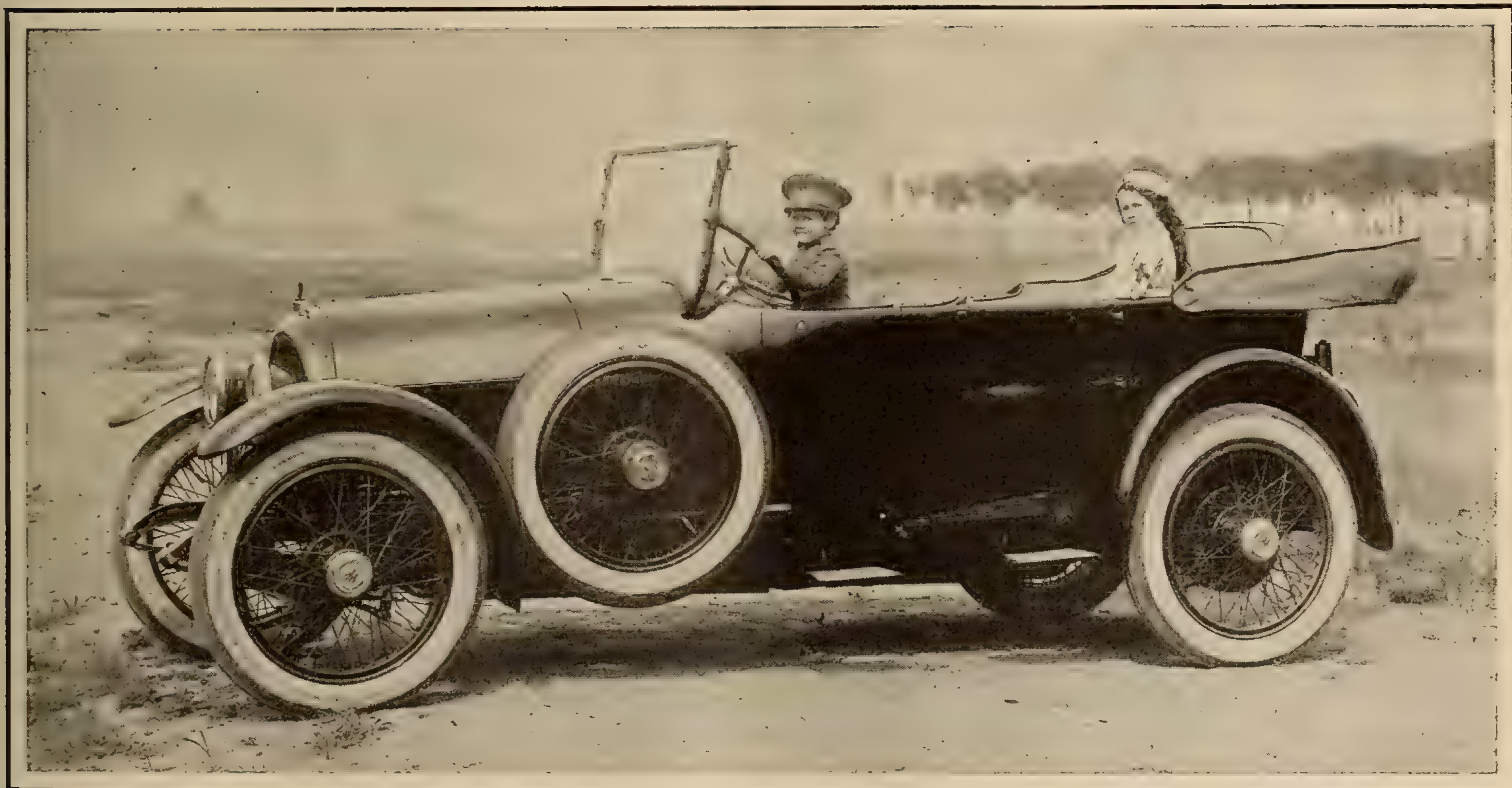
But what is the use? It is in vain to preach to deaf ears. An old story is permissible when it illustrates a point. So let us recall the old countryman's remark after a careful study of the kangaroo in the menagerie: "H—l! There *ain't* no such animal!"

Of course, he was wrong; and the critics are wrong in the same way. There *is* such an animal, but it is new to the critics.

They expect its legs to be even, and they are uneven; they expect it to run, and it jumps; it has a big, fat tail, when they expected a bob; and its head is small, where they expected—something else.

Meanwhile, in spite of the critical disquisitions that the movies [are—only what they are, the makers of film pictures and plays keep on giving an appreciative public a form of entertainment, a kind of instruction, a vehicle for causing emotions, a means of waking and satisfying the imagination and arousing sympathies. And they keep their hold on the people by charging them something less than a week's wages for a two hours' recreation.

Still, "what is the use of a baby," unless we all encourage it to grow to its full power of development? And we may respectfully ask these well-meaning friends, whether constant fault-finding or perpetual detraction seems called for toward a new and delightful art and one promising endless development. Hitch your wagon to a star, dear critic. The one-hoss chaise is out of date.



FOX

N. LAZARNICK PHOTO

Jane and Katherine won first prize at the Automobile Fashion Show, at the Sheepshead Bay Speedway, in this Willys-Knight eight-cylinder sporting touring car. The Lee kids got a \$200 Liberty bond and the Willys-Knight Company a blue ribbon.

Comments of a Free Lance

By LINDA A. GRIFFITH



IN THREE of New York's Broadway theaters, located within a stone's throw of one another, there are being shown at this writing three photoplays widely different in character. These three photoplays are interesting not alone in themselves, but also because of the patronage that each draws to its respective theater. One of the three is Benjamin Chapin's Lincoln Cycle, a historical, educational film, depicting scenes in the life of Abraham Lincoln. This photoplay is nightly packing the theater. The audiences embrace not only the typical "movie fan," but professors, ministers, children and that large class of people who like "fine" things, but who prefer a quiet evening at home rather than to spend it seeing Theda Bara "vamp."

Across the street and downtown a few squares from the theater showing the Lincoln Cycle is to be seen "Christus," a photoplay portraying scenes in the life of Jesus of Nazareth. It is a film that at least could do none of us harm to see, especially in this day of a world war, when it seems at times as if the white race were doomed to bleed to death. The story and the lesson of the Man of Peace, even if told on the screen of a motion picture theater, might be well heeded. But there are many vacant seats at the Criterion.

In between the theater showing the Lincoln Cycle and the one showing "Christus" is a playhouse displaying a film called "Redemption," with Evelyn Nesbit and her son, Russell Thaw. The star, once associated with one of the most shocking crimes in the history of New York City, would no doubt never have been given a chance to demonstrate whether she had a right to a measure of fame—possibly would never have been seen on a motion picture screen—had it not been for the notoriety in which she was once enveloped. But to this theater the crowds are flocking. Why?

A few words in detail as to these three pictures. First, the Chapin film. In the seven years that I have been seeing motion pictures there have been few that I have cared to see twice. I could count on the fingers of one hand those I have witnessed, from choice, more than once. I have no desire to be credited with the statement that there have been only five really fine pictures since the photoplay became an integral part of our modern, American, everyday life, for we have had many splendid ones. I attended the pre-view of the first part of the Lincoln Cycle some few weeks ago and came from the theater with a sense of having seen something very different from anything I had ever seen on a screen before. I was so profoundly touched that I wondered if I had been cherishing some mood which gave such harmonious and complete response to the underlying sentiment of the production. My second viewing of the picture—seeing it "cold," as it were—convinces me that

Benjamin Chapin has done a great thing in giving the public this photoplay, conceived and executed in a masterly way.

Mr. Chapin looks like Lincoln, and he knows his Lincoln. I understand that he has given twenty years of his life to the study of the martyred President. He has written of Lincoln. He has acted Lincoln in a drama on Lincoln's life that he himself wrote. He has transferred to the screen, impressively and reverently, the life of the man who, more than any of our great men, touches the heart of every true American. For we all love Lincoln, while we respect and honor Washington.

The scenes in the poor log-cabin home of the Lincolns are touching in the extreme. The uncouth father, Tom Lincoln—uncouth to look at, but with a big, gentle heart—the spiritual mother, and Abe as the boy, lovable and irresistible, are as fine characterizations as have ever been seen on the screen. Mr. Chapin has stamped his picture with sincerity, dignity, humanness and simplicity. Even the men in the audience were not ashamed of their tears. If Mr. De Mille, Mr. Jesse Lasky and Miss Geraldine Farrar understood a little of this abiding quality of simplicity that goes with the truly great and cared to present history truthfully, they could have made a great picture of even the absurd photoplay, "Joan the Woman." Many producers have much to learn from Mr. Chapin's Lincoln Cycle. Some benevolent and patriotic citizen of means should see that every child has an opportunity to view this picture revealing the inner life of our greatest President, for the picture will help to instill more genuine patriotism than millions of yards of red, white and blue bunting and waving banners.

Articles on "the Thaw case" have used up as much printers' ink as they should—and more than they should. From a psychological standpoint only, the case has its points of interest. I attended the Globe Theater at the initial presentation of "Redemption." The first thing that interested me was the audience. Audiences always are interesting, but this one was particularly so. One might surely expect to see on such an occasion a rush for seats by many that might be classed as among the "undesirable," but it was of vital interest that there were few of that class. Plainly to be seen among the conglomerate audience were thrifty housewives, the domestic suburbanite, long-haired ministers and proper husbands with their as proper wives. Outside at the box office stood a long line of people waiting. I asked myself, Why this vogue of the Thaw? Miss Nesbit, the former Mrs. Harry Thaw, has been seen in vaudeville sufficiently to have had the edge taken off the people's curiosity. She has been conspicuously before the public on and off for over ten years. Tragedy and time have placed their tax upon her beauty. As a dancer in vaudeville she met with indifferent success. Therefore, it is not entirely a morbid interest in her past notoriety, it is not remaining beauty of face or form or peculiar talent that brings the people. Miss Nesbit has been quietly

working, and working hard. The thought came to me, Is a sympathetic public, always ready to help the unfortunate, trying to help her find herself and gain for herself a recognized and well-earned place, where she may be judged on merit alone? I should like to think so.

As a motion picture actress Miss Nesbit is most satisfactory. Her work has repose and a surprising amount of genuine suppressed emotion. In all the seven reels of the picture she did absolutely nothing that was not in good taste. Her little son, who appears with her in the film, also has the fine poise of his mother—rather a remarkable degree of it in a child so young. We wish Miss Nesbit had had a better story. It was a long-drawn-out, weary tale, comprising parts of her strange and tragic experiences. Given a good story and a good director, Miss Nesbit will hold her own with the best of the motion picture stars.

And isn't it strange that at the same moment of the Thaw revival, and only a few steps from the crowded theater, is to be seen "Christus," telling the beautiful story of the Leader of mankind, and to houses practically empty? The picture is impressive. Beautiful reproductions from the old masters are introduced in the story, and actual places in the Holy Land where this Bible story is located are shown in the film. All this should be of great interest. To see the Baptism in the River Jordan and Christ walking on the Sea of Galilee, and to know that one is really looking upon living representations of these incidents, was to me worth the price of admission.

Whether we believe in the divinity of Jesus of Nazareth or not matters little. We must all agree, if we have studied His life, that He was at least the most scientific man that ever trod the earth. It is always a delicate matter to portray, either on screen or stage, the life of heroes such as our own Washington or Lincoln. I prefer to think the reason "Christus" is not better patronized is that the subject is too sacred for the screen and the presentation to some possibly seems irreverent. I prefer to think this rather than to feel it is a matter of indifference on the part of the public to the words and story of humanity's greatest teacher of ethics.



All that Mary Pickford lacks in dramatic ability she supplies by her winsome personality, and the one dominant note of that personality has always been its appealingness and purity. What we calmly accept from Miss Pickford, we as calmly are ready to hang Theda Bara for. Nevertheless, it is rather distasteful and jarring to one's sense of the niceness of things to see Miss Pickford in the role provided for her in "A Romance of the Redwoods." Of course, we know she could visit, in a photoplay, 'most any den of iniquity, and no matter how near the sin and debauchery obtaining there, she would not be touched by it. But, however innocent her "motion picture soul" may be, it surely is not ignorant of the realities of life, and so we wish she wouldn't be given stories in which she is asked to fall in love with such a worthless specimen of humanity as is impersonated in the character portrayed by Elliott Dexter. The authors of the scenario might at least have dragged in the conventional and shown the would-be hero

in a scene or two where he did an act of heroism, a touching scene with a child or even a dumb animal—just some little bit to show he had the makings of a man in him, no matter how deeply buried his manhood might have been; but the character has not one redeeming feature. Motion picture heroines, even the most fragile and soulful, have always apparently had a soft spot in their hearts for the cave-man type. But when our virtuous heroines of the screen presume, for no reason in God's world, to fall in love with these motion picture representations of our aboriginal antecedents, we want to catch at least a glimpse of the sparkle that 'tis said shines in the roughest diamond. "A Romance of the Redwoods" certainly breathes a most immoral atmosphere. Probably we should be thankful that our motion picture audiences are not more analytical than they are. But the Board of Censors might well be.



It must hurt those who knew and loved Ethel Barrymore in the days when she played "Sunday," "Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines" and "Cousin Kate" to see her on the screen. It surely hurts those of us who knew her only in later years. Why does this maturing matron, with a fine and growing family, want to be a motion picture actress? It fills one with despair to view her on the screen. Seeing her real self in "The 12 Pound Look" at the Empire Theater and her shadow self on the screen of the Rialto, as was possible, revealed that success in the art of the stage does not mean the same success as a motion picture star. Please, Miss Barrymore, help us to keep the little place in our hearts that you won by your fine work on the stage. Don't kill even the memory of the good things you have done by appearing in photoplays. They don't fit you, and you don't fit them. If Charles Chaplin, young and at the height of his success and essentially of the screen, can turn his back on extravagantly profitable motion picture contracts and go and fight for his country, surely Miss Barrymore should be able to resist the lure of the remunerative motion picture. If she would only let us see her oftener in the spoken drama and seldomer on the screen, how much happier we all would be!



Why does a scribe in the *New York Times*, in writing of the boon the photoplay has been and is during the summer months to managers of theaters devoted to the spoken drama, say that, after accepting \$3,000 a week as rent during these summer months, all that it is necessary to do after the "movie horde" has departed in the fall is to fumigate the theater? It has not been perceptible to me that the two-dollar theater devoted to the housing of a photoplay became any more smelly than when it sheltered three or more acts of spoken drama. There have been times when I have been uncomfortable and not altogether happy seeing the legitimate drama in an expensive orchestra chair. And on these occasions I have often been sorry that I did not bring either my smelling salts bottle or a match and a stick of Chinese punk. But, after all, the manager might well afford the expense of a proper fumigation when the offensive "movie horde" departs, after taking in \$3,000 rent on the photoplay he so kindly domiciles in his theater during the dull "dog day" season.



The official movie man (in a warm corner)—Aw, for heaven's sake register hate, some of you!

THE SPENDTHRIFT'S REGRET

NOW I wish I had the money I have wasted!
I can see, too late, how foolishly it went.
Oh, the few and fleeting pleasures I have tasted
Haven't been enough to pay for what I've spent.

"Spend your money like a prince," may sound alluring,
But a prince is pretty certain of his job.
There's no chance he'll have to stand what I'm enduring
With the florist and the tailor raising hob.

When a fellow gets his envelope, its showing
Makes him fondly dream he'll lay aside a bit;
But the next he knows he's at his foolish blowing
Like a drunken sailor in a lavish fit.

For an hour or more I've sat and idly pondered
On the goodly cash blown in for vanished joys.
How I wish I had the money I have squandered!
I would do the town this evening with the boys!
—Walter G. Doty.

The Other Angle

"My fourth boy, Coonrod,—," began Mr. Gap Johnson, of Rumpus Ridge, Ark.

"But, looky yur, Gap!" expostulated a friend.
"Don't you know your own family? Your fourth boy is Runt."

"I'm counting from the other end of the line."



JUDGING FROM APPEARANCE

Near-sighted man (to hostess)—Ah, Mrs. Marceau, what an exquisite new fire-screen you have!

Who's Who and Where

Whoever gets Marie Prevost's goat gets a fortune as well. Marie raises goats—not the common, backyard variety, but real aristocrats all the way from Persia.



Mary Pickford's latest gift from one of her admirers is a comb sent by a little girl, who formerly used it on a kitten named after "Little Mary," and which lost all of its nine lives before it was two months old.



Fannie Ward and her company have left the Lasky studio for the Mexican border, in order to film scenes for Miss Ward's next production, which is being staged under the direction of George Melford.



Arthur Ashley, who specializes in villains, declares that he has been put to death on the screen more times and with a greater variety of violence than any other actor. "Still," says he, "he who dies and walks away may live to die another day."



"The Naulahka," by Rudyard Kipling, is to be put into a motion picture feature by Pathe. Antonio Moreno will play "Nick Garvin," Warner Oland will play the Rajah, and Helene Chadwick will be the "Kate." George Fitzmaurice will direct the picture.



Hassard Short, the young English actor who played with Laurette Taylor in "Peg o' My Heart," and with Emily Stevens in "The Unchastened Woman," is to support Norma Talmadge in "The Moth." Mr. Short has refused to appear in the pictures up to this time.



The kiddies at Universal City are eating chocolate this season to prove their patriotism. There are numerous signs tacked on the walls, asking everyone to save tinfoil for Red Cross purposes, and chocolate comes wrapped in the precious stuff. So the youngsters are munching chocolate at every opportunity and defying parents to object.



Arrangements have been completed between Julian Eltinge and Jesse L. Lasky, whereby the well-known female impersonator's name has been added to the list of Famous Players-Lasky stars. Mr. Eltinge is just plain "Bill" to his friends, and he refuses to discuss feminine fashions, even for publicity.

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He weighs one hundred and seventy-five pounds and is as accomplished with his fists as he is with his ankles.

George M. Cohan's second photoplay is to be "Seven Keys to Baldpate," which had a long run four years ago on Broadway, at the Astor Theater, under the direction of Cohan and Harris.

Captain Leslie T. Peacocke says that Edward Jobson, who plays heavy (in all senses of the word) character roles, evidently eats a lot of "soldier food"—it all goes right to the front.

Dustin Farnum has established the long-distance smoke record, having taken whiffs from the stem of a clay pipe twenty-nine inches long. Dusty makes another record, in that he is the first film star who doesn't use his smoking implement as a vehicle for blowing rings.

Za Su Pitts says there's nothing extraordinary about her name and that she got it in a very simple manner. "My mother had two sisters, one called Elizabeth and one Susan," says she. "She took the 'Za' from the one, and the 'Su' from the other, and so I was christened. That's all."

Wallace Reid has learned to extract weird noises from every conceivable instrument, from a wash boiler to a broom handle, and has now turned his attention to the innocent saxophone. The consensus of opinion is that he will develop into a good saxophone player, if the hearse doesn't beat him to it.

W. Somerset Maugham, the author and dramatist, has been engaged by the Famous Players-Lasky Corporation to write especially for its photoplay productions. The motion picture rights to Mr. Maugham's play, "The Land of Promise," have been obtained by the producers and will be adapted for Billie Burke by Mr. Maugham himself.

Roscoe ("Fatty") Arbuckle says he's perfectly willing to go to the front if his country needs him, but declares that he is in doubt as to his practical usefulness in the trenches on the firing line. He does not think he would exactly fit in such surroundings. However, he is certain he'd be very efficient when it came to stopping bullets or providing a human fortification behind which his entire company could hide.

Mollie King declares that, despite a common belief to the contrary, it is not the motion picture star, but the average "fan" who is temperamental. "Working for the camera is a matter-of-fact business proposition," says she. "There is no time for 'temperament' or for anything else but work. The theater-goer receives the benefit of the finished motion picture. All the work of star, director, author and technician has gone out to the end of pleasing the audience."

John R. Freuler, president of the Mutual Film Corporation, prophesies that along with milk, bread and potatoes, the price of motion pictures is going up. "A general and decided increase in admission prices for picture theaters all over America is to be expected at once," says Mr. Freuler. "All of the increasing industrial costs and everything which affects the scale of living affects the pictures very directly. The motion picture is sold to the public too cheaply now. It is sure to cost more."

Jackie Saunders's uncle, a wealthy Philadelphian, living in London, has offered her \$100,000 to quit the screen. Miss Saunders had hard work gaining the consent of her parents when she was offered her first motion picture engagement in 1911, and her uncle has always been the irreconcilable member of the family. He first offered her \$25,000, then \$50,000 to retire. Jackie says the \$100,000 is a terrible temptation, but she thinks she can make that much by her own hard work, and would rather work than loaf. She is thinking seriously of asking him to turn the money over to the Red Cross.

A company of gunners from the antipodes, who are fighting on the western front, have named their trench "The Louise Lovely Trench" and written to tell her about it. The letter is written on a piece of brown wrapping paper, signed by every man in the company, and placed in a homemade envelope. In addition, they have called their howitzer "Louise." "Yesterday we opened fire with 'Louise,'" the letter goes on to say, "and bombarded the bally enemy with her for nineteen hours." Miss Lovely keenly appreciates the honor conferred upon her and is making up a box to send to her gunners.

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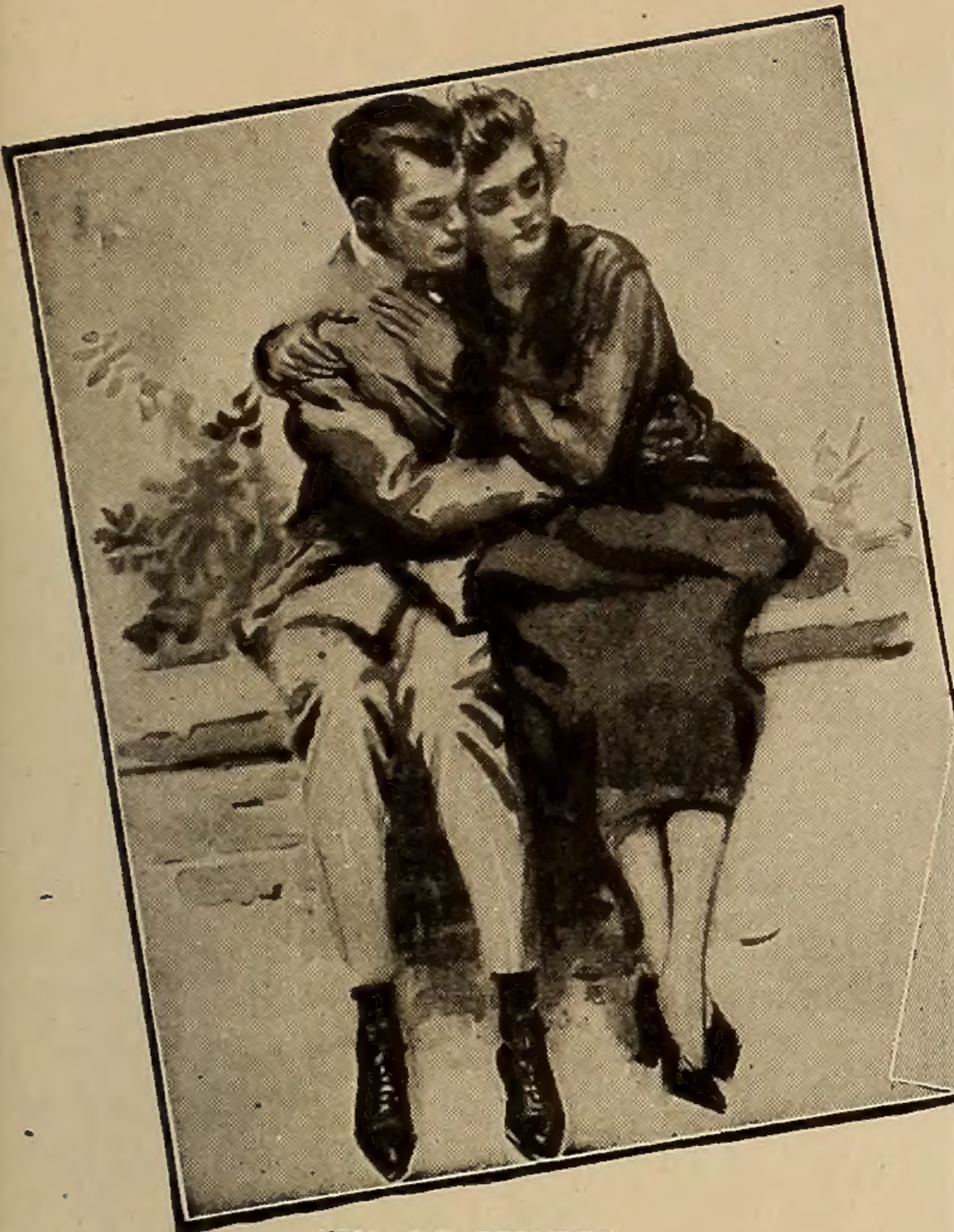
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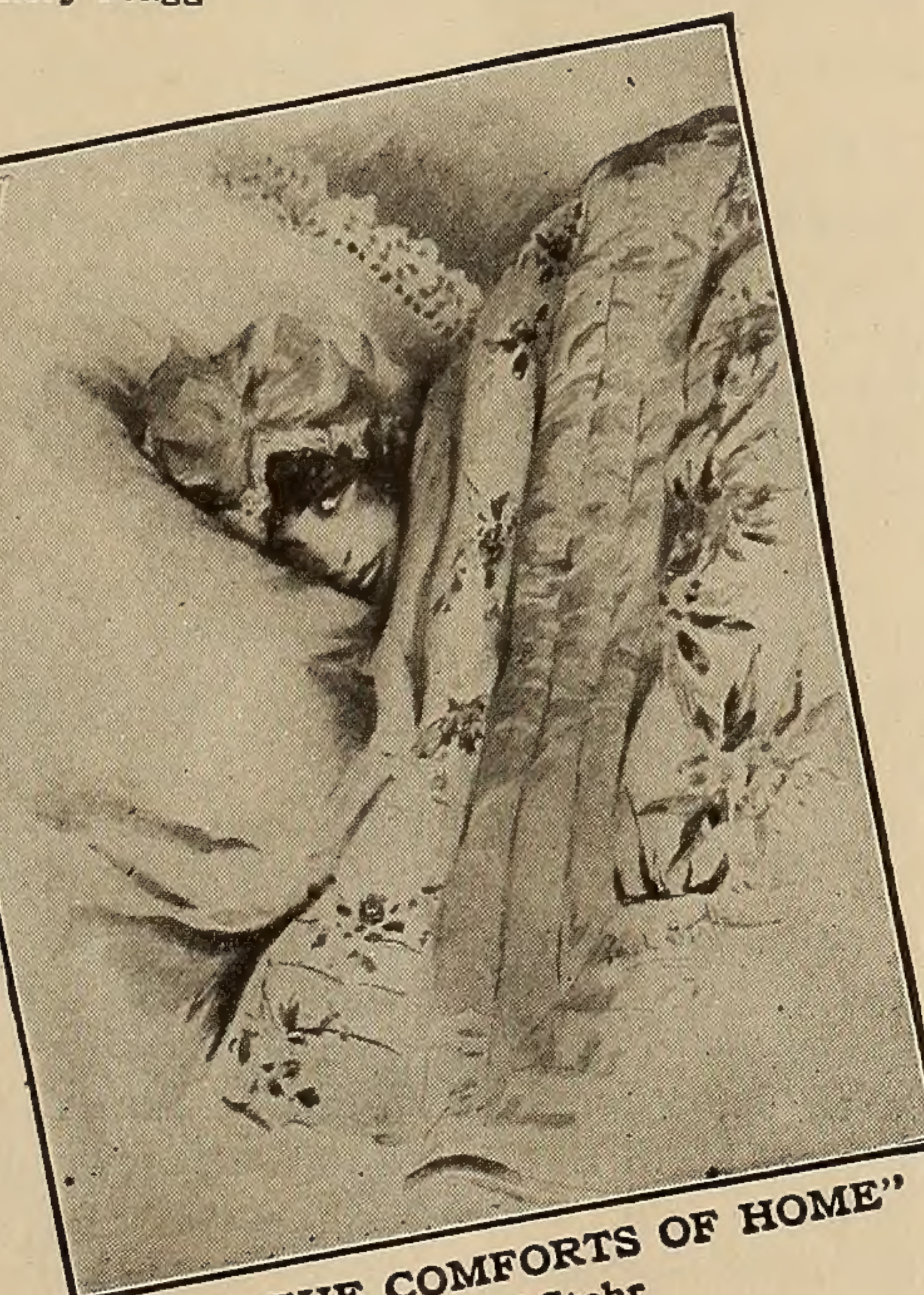


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OUR READERS' COLUMN

This department belongs to the readers of FILM FUN. Write us and tell us what you think about it. If we can help you, write and tell us so. If you like our magazine, tell us about it. If you do not like it, tell us anyway. We want to know just what you think about it.

Recently a friend recommended FILM FUN to me. I bought a copy and liked it immensely. I think it a live little magazine and am particularly interested in the pictorial layout, as it gives one some idea of all the newest pictures in a brief and attractive manner. Good luck to FILM FUN and its publishers! G. M., Syracuse.

Can you please tell me what Mae Marsh is doing now? She is one of my favorites, and I have followed her work carefully since I first saw her in "The Birth of a Nation." S. P. A., Buffalo.

Mae Marsh is now making pictures for the Goldwyn Pictures Corporation, in Fort Lee. Her first picture for this company is to be released in September.

Allow me to congratulate you on the last issue of FILM FUN. From the editorial right through to the last page, it was interesting, amusing and timely. Can you tell me with what company Theodore Roberts is playing, and where I can write to him? L. J. N., Kentucky.

Theodore Roberts is with the Lasky Company. You can write to him in care of Lasky, Hollywood, Cal.

FILM FUN is my favorite motion picture magazine, and I cannot tell you how much I like it. If it will not inconvenience you, I should be very grateful if you would tell me the name of Louise Glaum's newest picture. R. O., Yonkers.

Louise Glaum's newest picture to date is "A Strange Transgressor," released through the Triangle Film Company.

I buy FILM FUN quite often and think it is a nice magazine. I like the Readers' Column especially. Will you please tell me where I can send a letter to Enid Bennett, and will you tell me how old she is? I should also like to know Marguerite Clark's age. E. K., Utah.

You can address Enid Bennett in care of the Triangle Film Corporation, 1459 Broadway, New York City. Miss Bennett is about twenty-two years old. As for Marguerite Clark—reckoning in the only way we can in the film game, we should say that she is ten or thereabouts.

We have been taking FILM FUN for several months, and we all look forward to its coming. The children are particularly fond of it, and no one else in

the family gets a chance to read it until they have gone carefully through each page, looking for their favorites. Our children are great picture fans, and it is a pleasure to know that they can go through FILM FUN in search of pictures they would like to see and that they will find only clean, wholesome photoplays recommended. If more magazines stood for clean pictures, the industry would grow even more quickly than it is now doing. Mrs. B. L. D., New York.

I have been reading FILM FUN for quite a while, and always read it with interest. It is nice to be able to read bits about your favorites and to discuss them with your friends. Will you please tell me where I can write to Florence La Badie, and whether she would answer my letter? Do you think she would send me a picture? F. T., Albany.

You can address Florence La Badie at the Thanhouser Film Corporation, New Rochelle, N. Y. If she is not too busy, she will probably answer your letter, and perhaps send you a photograph if you ask her to.

I read FILM FUN and cannot say enough good things about it. I enjoy the Readers' Column especially. I am a great admirer of Mary Pickford and of Mrs. Vernon Castle. I have been going sixty-one miles to see Mrs. Castle in "Patria," and I think I would go one hundred miles to see Mary Pickford. Will you please tell me whether Mrs. Castle is separated from her husband? I should like to know, in order to settle an argument on the subject. C. L., Oklahoma.

Most people are only too ready to believe all the slander they hear about film folk. Vernon Castle has been in France, doing brave work flying for the Allies. He has been unable to be with Mrs. Castle continuously, but we understand that the latter used up her last vacation in going across to visit him, and that she is quite satisfied with her courageous husband.

I am sorry to trouble you, but FILM FUN has always been so kind about answering my questions that I thought you might let me ask one more. Can you send me a photograph of Norma Talmadge, and if not, can you tell me where I can get one? Shall I write directly to Miss Talmadge herself? N. S. B., Philadelphia.

We should be very glad to send you a photograph of Miss Talmadge, but, unfortunately, all those which we have on hand are kept for our own use and reference. If you will write to Miss Talmadge, in care of the Selznick Picture Corporation, 729 Seventh Avenue, New York, perhaps she will send you one.



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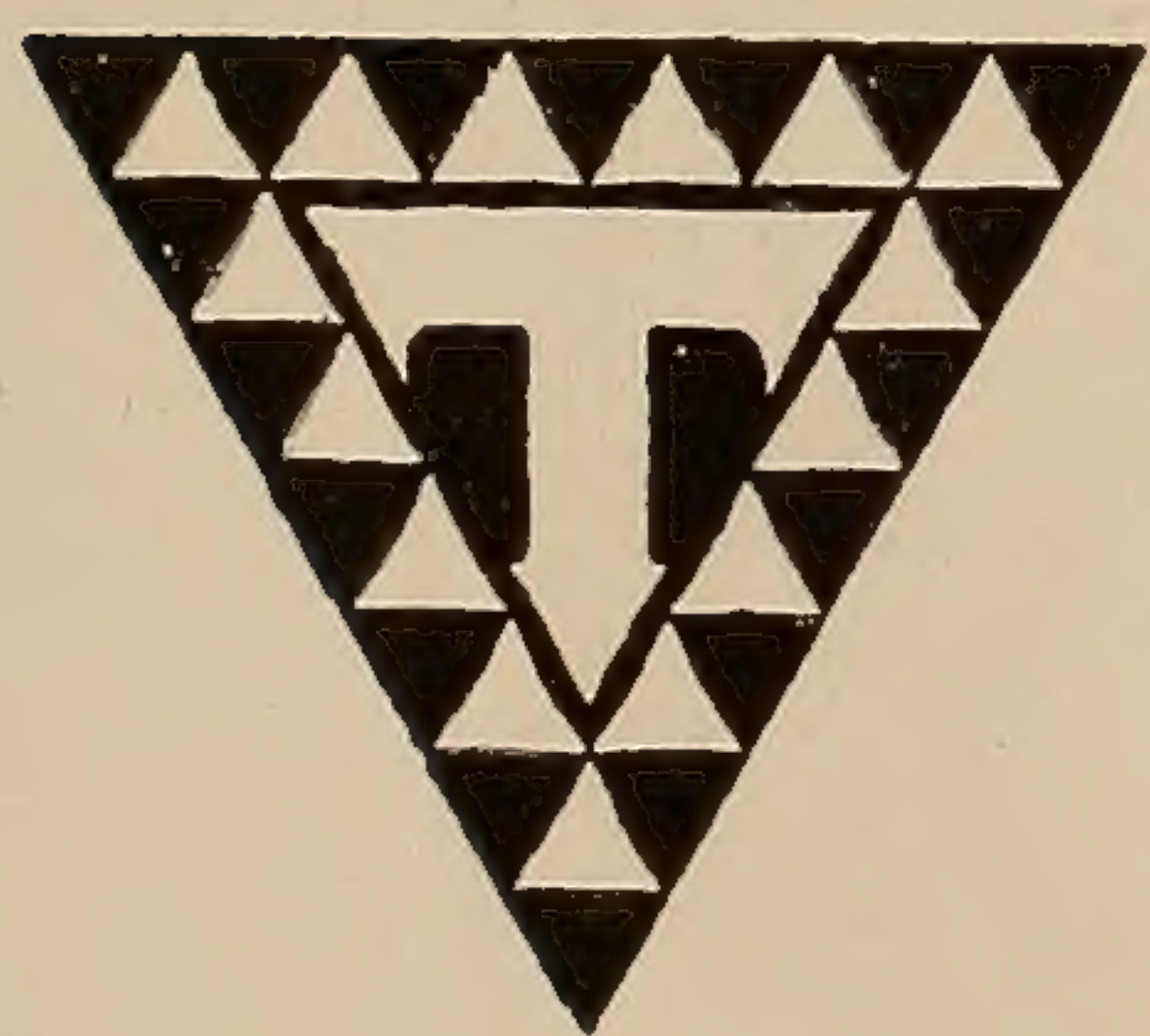
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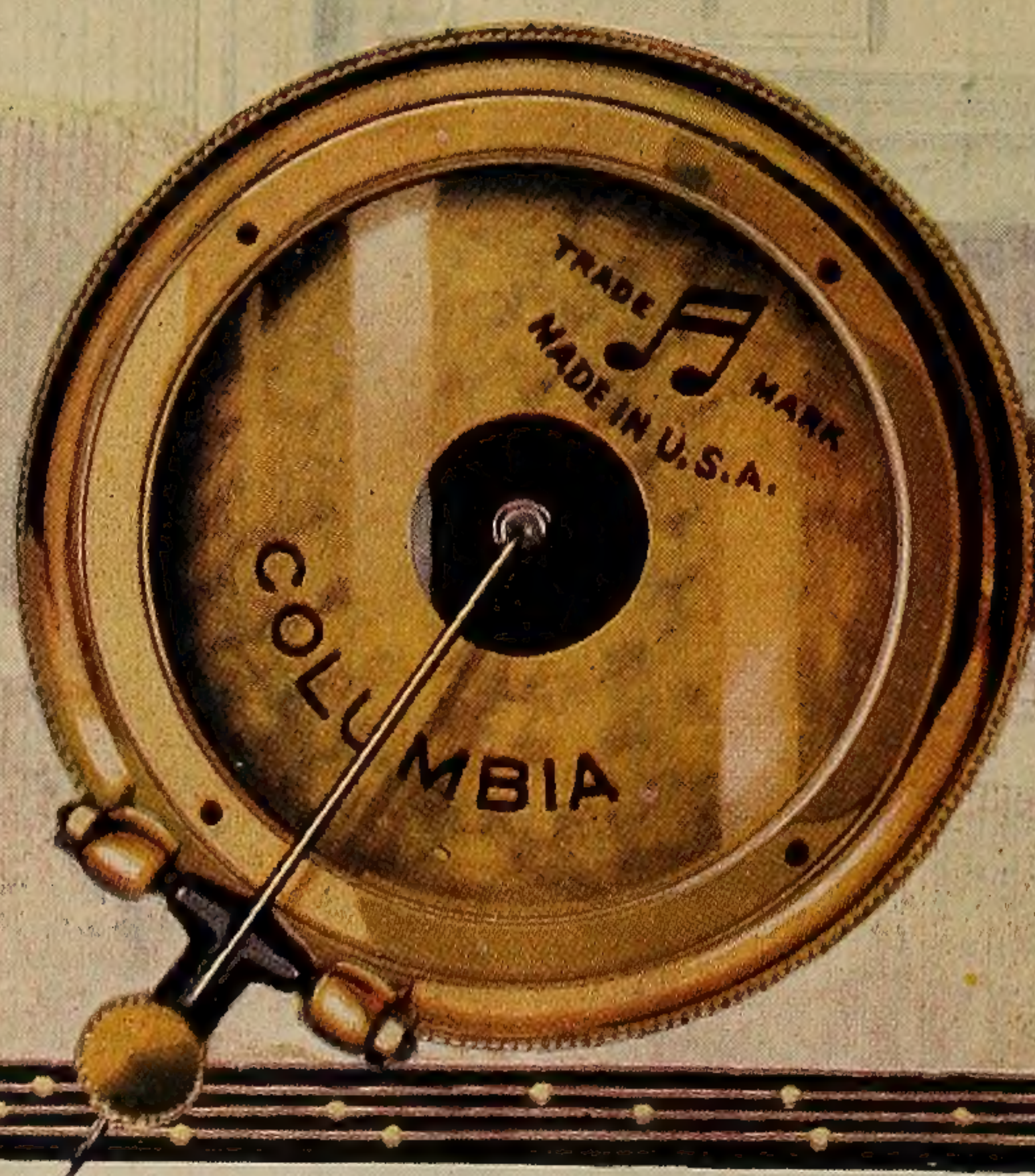
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